

## **Chapter 1: Chapter 1**

"Rose, you okay?" Rose jumped out of the thoughts she had trapped herself in.

"Oh, sorry! I was miles away!" she said, her brow wrinkling slightly.

"Nothing bothering you?" he added, concern quite evident on his face.

"No, `m fine," she replied quietly, not quite meeting his eyes.

"Come on, I saw the look on your face...you were worrying. Out with it!" She glanced up into his steely blue eyes.

"Well...it's Jack...he's so..." she stopped to think.

"Cheesy?" interjected the Doctor.

"Yes...and sort of...overpowering." The Doctor's face softened.

"Is he bothering you, Rose?"

"He's great! But, sometimes he's a little..."

"Full on?" he interjected again. She nodded.

"Shall I get rid of him?"

"Oh no! I love having him here. It's just that sometimes I wish he'd drop the act!"

"But, you see, it's not really an act though Rose, he's just reacting to..." he stopped himself. He was going to say reacting to the sexual tension in the air, but that would really have put the cat amongst the pigeons!

"Reacting to?" she asked raising her head up to him.

"To his body...he hasn't, well you know...danced...in a while. By the fifty first century a man like Jack would have evolved into finding it necessary to be actively involved in sowing as many seeds across the universe as possible.

You know, race survival and all that..."

"I wouldn't have thought it would be that long for him...you know." she said thoughtfully.

"Ah yes...but for someone like him...a few days can be a lifetime." The Doctor mentally worked out how long it had been since he had felt the need to...dance...again. Coincidentally, it was the same amount of time that a certain blonde person had arrived on his ship. Eight months...three weeks...two days...sixteen hours...thirty five minutes....three, no four seconds, no...and so on.

"But he does seem to be focusing on me rather too much," she said.

"I'll have a word with him. Get him to back off a bit."

"I thought I might be sending out the wrong signals."

"Oh no, he's much the same with me. Had me in a most compromising position in the pantry the other day!"

"Really?" Rose flushed, "what did you do?"

"Told him where to stick his salami sandwich!" grinned the Doctor.

"I bet he had a colourful answer to that!" smiled Rose. The Doctor grinned even wider.

"Don't worry about Jack, Rose. I'll deal with him."

Three hours later the TARDIS had set down on the Moon of Innenduo. Jack was off down the ramp with an eager spring to his step. He was primed and primed and smelled divine.

"Don't wait up!" he grinned with a wink and he was gone.

"Where's he off to then?" asked Rose perplexed.

"To relieve his...tensions. He's very understanding, is Jack. And he really respects you."

"So, we're not going out?"

"Oh no...I don't think...no, not here. There's only one reason people come here." Rose didn't say anything for a while.

"How long did you give him?"

"Well, we negotiated. We'll be here a week at the most. I need to do some extensive repairs to the TARDIS. I only hope you won't get bored?" Rose shook her head.

"No, I'm sure I'll find something to do...it'll be like a Home Holiday."

"A Home Holiday?" asked the Doctor, puzzled.

"Yeah, when I was growin' up Mum couldn't afford for us to go away on holidays. She used to set up loads of stuff to do at home. It was great...all my mates were jealous..." The Doctor felt an unfamiliar warmth towards Jackie, which surprised him.

"Nothing like a bit of quality time," he said with a wistful smile.

"Yeah, I must give Mum a call..." She made no move to go and the Doctor stood there awkwardly rolling on his boots.

"Doctor, wouldn't you...um...like to go and relieve your tensions too?" She couldn't believe she had said that! His head sprung up.

"Me? Oh no, not for me. No, my idea of a good time is not sex with a stranger...it works well as a fantasy...but as a reality? No, far to impersonal."

Rose's mouth opened slightly. Had she just heard the Doctor admitting to sexual fantasy? Her groin pulsed as a familiar feeling fluttered in the pit of her stomach.

The Doctor recoiled inwardly. He couldn't quite believe what he had just picked up. Rose had become slightly aroused. There was very little he could do and nothing he could say about it. He only had one option. Run.

"Anyway, lots to do, better get on..." he muttered and took off down the

corridors at speed.

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## Chapter 2: Chapter 2

**Author's Notes:** Establishing a link...

Rose watched his black leather clad back disappear and sighed. What had she done now, then?

She wandered up to her bedroom and kicked off her Homer Simpson slippers. The TARDIS had installed some thick shag pile carpet for her as she delighted in going barefoot. The grating on the TARDIS floor could get very...well...grating.

Her body was tingling all over. Perhaps it was a base reaction to the moon they were on, but deep down she knew what the reason was. She pulled off her jacket, flung it on the bed and headed for the bathroom.

It was ironic, she thought, how easily she could have Jack and how much she wanted the Doctor. Who she couldn't have. She leaned into the shower and turned it on.

He was so sexy...and he didn't know it. He seemed so aloof, perhaps that was why he appealed. Unobtainable. She stripped off her clothes and plunged into the ferocious water.

The setting for the shower was at it's most vigorous and as it smacked her partially aroused body she began to think of what she would like the Doctor to do.

The Doctor had carried on walking away from Rose as fast as he could. He was very keen to put as much distance between them as possible. As her

body had started to react so had his and he was terrified she would notice.

He was a nine hundred year old Time Lord, he shouldn't be letting his hormones get the better of him. Rose was just a human. They had very base levels of control. He should know better.

He stormed into the gym and laid into the punching bag, his fists flying. He grunted with the force that he hit into it with.

Rose's hands glided over her wet body soaping the parts that were craving attention. She was on the brink and her mind was wandering. She thought of the Doctor. Wished that sometimes the words would come out of him like they came out of Jack. Sex with a stranger works in fantasy. She closed her eyes and imagined.

She was in the shower of the public swimming baths at the local leisure centre back home. She had just had a good swim and was washing the chlorine off her naked adrenalised body. She looked over at some movement in the corner of her eye and saw a man staring at her. He was overdressed for the location in black jeans and a leather jacket. She stared at him as her hands moved over her body and started to do delicious things to it.

The Doctor was panting hard. The punch bag lay in smithereens at his feet. His jeans were straining uncomfortably. It hadn't helped. Then he felt a tugging inside his head.

"What the..." he said out loud, trying to push the little pink and yellow tendrils that were curling inside his mind out.

A picture of Rose standing naked in the shower flashed into his psyche. She was staring right at him and her hands...her hands! He gulped as he realised what was going on. He wasn't sure what he should do. Wasn't sure what he could do. His crotch bulged tightly. He had no choice. Rose had linked with him unknowingly and he was part of her fantasy. It would be dangerous to break the link with her fragile human brain. All he could do was give in and enjoy the ride.

The image beckoned to him and he shrugged off his jacket both physically and mentally. He made his way to the gym showers undressing on the way. He maintained Rose's picture in his head as he stepped naked into the shower alone.

### Chapter 3: Chapter 3

**Author's Notes:** Seperate showers.

In his head he moved up close to Rose until their naked bodies were nearly touching. He bent his head down to her and she reached up to him.

Their mouths ghosted one another and he inhaled her hot breath. She shivered and reached for him. The Doctor moaned as fingers wrapped around him.

Fantasy Rose started to move her hands up and down his straining shaft. He watched her mouth as she licked her lips and he wanted.

He moved his hands to her and continued the job that Rose was doing for herself. She gasped at his cold touch.

He ran his finger up her swollen sex finding the tight bundle of nerves at the top quivering for his touch. He moved his thumb around it causing her to move into his hand with a buck of her hips. He pushed first one finger and then another right inside her. Rose groaned and pushed harder into his hand.

"Please, Doctor, please!" she begged. He moved his fingers in and out of her finding a rythm that she matched both with her hips and her hands on his aching cock.

He closed his eyes and imagined that he was in her mouth. And then he was. He opened them to find that Fantasy Rose was on her knees and she was sucking deeply on him. He took her by the shoulders and moved his hips into her watching his cock disappearing and reappearig into her sweet full mouth.

He could feel himself beginning to lose control and pulled her up. She smiled at him through a haze of lust and water. She licked her lips.

In one fluid movement he picked up this fantasy and placed her on to him. She wrapped her legs around his waist and he lowered her down onto him. She gasped at the size of him as he entered her. He stopped for a beat enjoying the feeling of being inside Rose Tyler. Then he moved her into the wall and pushed her back on to it.

When he was satisfied she wasn't going to slip off him, (fantasy or not he didn't want casualties) he started to move in and out of her. She grabbed the shower rails on either side of them and leant back so the water was pounding down onto her naked and neglected breasts. He grabbed her hips, his large hands spanning so much of her he virtually had her sitting in his palms and began his rythm.

Her back pushed into the wall visiciously as the Doctor afforded him self a bit of force. He then began a heartpounding rythm pushing into her at a sprint. She called out to him as she lost control of her senses. Her back was jarring into the wall and her head took a bang so he lowered himself to his knees sliding her down with him.

In this position he could take her as fast and hard as he wanted. And he moved fast and hard shouting out words that didn't make sense watching her undoing beneath him. Her eyes opened wide and she screamed as he pistoned into her hitting her very centre with each entry.

Each time he pounded inside her she called out to him until her whole body errupted into a spasming orgasm of epic proportion and still he didn't stop. Rose writhed under him all control lost until she looked to him like some feral animal wailing under him. He could feel her spasming around him and then her link exploded inside his head.

This was enough for him and with a shout to match Rose he shot his seed right into her core. He shoved himself fully into her for a few more strokes and stopped.

Rose stood in her shower amazed at the orgasm she had just given herself. She had never had a fantasy so real and had never climaxed so violently. She hoped the Doctor hadn't heard her. It would be a while before she could face him.

The Doctor stood panting in his shower. Rose had taken complete control of

him. How on Earth could he face her after that?

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## Chapter 4: Chapter 4

**Author's Notes:** Eggs and chocolate cake. Really this is not for the faint hearted. It is very explicit!

The next morning Rose woke up and stretched. She climbed out of bed and trudged to the bathroom only colouring slightly as she recalled her shower of yesterday. She hadn't seen the Doctor since, but she hadn't looked for him either. She had hidden herself away with supper in her room.

Guiltily she padded down to the console room in search of him. When she got there there was no sign of him and, as she turned to leave; she heard a faint tapping coming from underneath the console itself.

"Doctor?" she called out. There was a loud thump followed by a groan and then a reply.

"Rose?" His voice was muffled.

"Yeah...of course it's me...where are you?"

"I'm right underneath the Main Solemanator. It's a bit tricky...could be here for a while."

"Okay...do you need anything?" There came a long pause followed by a very solemn and quiet.

"No thankyou...I'm fine." She remained staring at the place where his voice came from for some time until her vision was distracted by a large brown package just by the console.

"What's this?" she exclaimed seeing that it was addressed to her.



"What's what?"

"This parcel!"

"Oh...that...it arrived this morning. Seems Jack has sent you a present."

"A present!" she squealed picking it up gleefully.

"But, Rose...I don't know if it is the sort of present you would...well Jack sent it...must have bought it here...not really...appropriate?"

"Oh Doctor! Don't be such a prude...it's surely just a bit of fun...I'm a big girl...all grown up! Tell you what...to save you the blushes I'll open it in my room!"

"I do not blush! Timelords do not blush!" But his answer had fallen on deaf ears as Rose had picked up the parcel and skipped happily off to her room with it.

She ripped open the box and looked inside. The first thing she picked out was a note from Jack.

"Rosey-Posey...if I can't please you, maybe this can! Only open and use one package a day...see you in a few days...have fun, Jack xxx." Inside the box were five carefully wrapped packages. Rose laid them out on her bed and observed them thoughtfully.

After some deliberation she chose the smallest of them and opened it carefully. Inside was a sealed wooden box. She unclasped it and pulled out a piece of paper.

"Erogenous egg. This can do what ever your mind tells it you want. Place inside and enjoy the ride," she read. She pulled out the egg. It looked much like a shelled hard boiled chicken's egg but it was harder to touch. She squeezed it and it glowed and vibrated against her hand. She dropped it on the bed, blushing.

Carefully she packed away the other parcels, her eyes darting back to the innocent looking egg. She was shocked, but her curiosity was piqued. Finally she could bear it no longer and she slipped off her pyjamas found a long t-shirt and slipped the egg inside herself.

It was a pleasant sensation that had her whole body slightly buzzing. She discovered that moving about stimulated the egg and she slipped on the t-shirt and made her way down to the galley. The egg sending jolting sensations through her as she walked.

She pulled out a large mixing bowl and some flour. She reached high for the cocoa powder and gasped as the vibration increased. Sugar, she had to bend low for and this excited the orb inside her all the more. Her breath was coming in low gasps as she mixed the ingredients for chocolate cake.

She sat down at the table with a wooden spoon and started to mix the batter, placing her feet on the two chairs either side of her leaving her legs open wide underneath the table. Her mind began to wander.

Under the console the Doctor was worrying about the package that Jack had sent. Why would Rose be even remotely interested in something Jack had sent her from this planet? He tried to concentrate on the repairs in the tight spot that was enclosing him uncomfortably.

All of a sudden the familiar tugging pulled at his head and before he knew it, he was under the kitchen table looking right into the centre of Rose Tyler! Naked and wide open and pulsing with sexual need!

He tried to move, but found he could only move forwards and forwards meant crawling closer to Rose. His nostrils filled with the scent of her arousal. Her hips were moving around and he thought he glimpsed something white tucked inside. His member strained against his jeans as he crawled towards her.

Rose imagined her Doctor under the table looking at her licking his lips. She wanted that tongue in her, around her and, as soon as the thought was in her head, the egg's movements altered. It felt as if a long cool tongue was, indeed, probing inside her and swiping outside of her. She continued to beat the batter with vigour as her body erupted into waves of heat and light.

The Doctor licked Rose. He had no choice, her fantasy demanded it. He relished the taste of her, letting his tongue delve deeply inside her and then

pulling it out and licking her folds concentrating on the stiff little nub. Above his head he could hear Rose gasping. He wanted to touch. Wanted to touch her. Wanted to touch himself. He was totally restricted in the confined space. All he was able to use was his mouth. And so he did.

Rose looked down at the brown head between her legs and parted her thighs wider, slumping down in the chair and forgetting the mixture. She glimpsed his skillful tongue working at her crack and grabbed her nipples through the t-shirt pinching them hard, groaning loudly.

The Doctor was lapping at Rose. His face pressing hard into her. He could feel her delicious juices building and flowing and still he could do no more than lick and suck and nip. His trousers were bursting at the seams and still the compulsion would not allow him to stop. Rose was sighing and groaning and bucking into his face. He bit her and she screamed loudly. He could feel her getting wetter and wetter. He knew she was going to come hard against him any moment. He called to her, his voice vibrating right through her.

Rose felt his voice inside her and she leapt into orgasm, her whole body shaking against him. She could feel the spurting of her own juices being greedily guzzled away by him as she collapsed against the table.

When she came his whole face was buried inside her, or so it felt. His tongue delving deep drinking the juices that released in her climax. He felt his own member give up and spasm into orgasm and then everything went still and quiet. He was back under the console and in need of a change of clothes.

Rose pulled herself up from the table, put the cake mixture in a tin and popped it in the oven. Then she drifted back to her room where she carefully removed the egg and found a safe place for it to live.

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## Chapter 5: Chapter 5

**Author's Notes:** Tables are turned...

As he wandered up the corridor, his crotch damp, the scent of chocolate cake baking filled his nostrils and the sound of Rose singing in her bedroom filled his ears.

He paused outside her bedroom door, listening to her content. She was clueless. She had absolutely no idea that every time she indulged in a little self exploration she was dragging him in too.

He was sure that the telepathy between them must be something to do with the moon and that it would stop as soon as they left. In the meantime he would have to grin and bear it. He just didn't know if he could any more and, more to the point, if Rose was having explicit sexual fantasies involving him, how long had it been going on?

He carried on to his own room, where the TARDIS had laid him out a change of clothes. He stripped and slipped into the shower enjoying the water on his stiff limbs. His thoughts drifted to Rose again and all that had transpired under the table. Really, he found it both exciting and shocking at the same time.

On the occasions that he had let his mind wander in that way towards Rose, it had always been very pretty and somewhat more innocent. Definitely not as full on and dirty as the incidents of the past couple of days.

As he washed himself off and thought of Rose, his body responded and twitched to life again. He sighed, realising that he would have to take matters into his own hands again. Bloody moon.

Rose was feeling so good. Her whole body felt like it was glowing. She had never masturbated two days in a row before and now it felt that her overly sensitized body could do with a repeat performance. She was twitching with anticipation as she eyed Jack's presents, pondering on what else was in store for her. She was sitting cross legged on the bed with the four packages laid out in front of her. She picked one up and sniffed it, squeezed it, shook it. Then she undid a bit of sticky tape and peeked inside.

The Doctor started to work on himself gently, knowing that he would probably take a while considering that he had already had more orgasms in the past twenty four hours than he had had in a long time. As he let his hands glide up and down his wet solid shaft, he let his mind wander.

He thought of Rose, all pink and soft and pretty. She was walking barefoot through a meadow in a white floaty dress. The sun was pouring through it, making it obvious that she was wearing nothing underneath. He smiled as he let his imagination go.

Rose pulled out the soft leather headdress and picked up the slip of paper that accompanied it.

"Reality Mask...Own your would-be-lover's fantasies...place mask on and enjoy!" it read, simply. It looked a bit like a gas mask without the mouthpiece. Rose shrugged and tugged it on to her head. Then she lay back as she felt her senses heighten even more.

She was walking barefoot through a meadow, her soft white cheesecloth dress floating about her body. The red grass beneath her feet felt soft and spongy. She laughed out loud as she headed towards a thicket of trees. Silver leaves dropped from them and scattered about her and she laughed again as she caught sight of a tall man in a black leather jacket.

"I told you not to wander off, Rose!" he said sternly.

Rose walked up to him and smiled. "I'm a naughty girl, Doctor, you will have to punish me!"

"Yes, I will! How should I punish a naughty girl?" he asked her softly.

"Why, Doctor, can you not use your imagination?" she teased and pouted, putting her arms behind her back making her chest push out towards him.

The Doctor grabbed her wrist as he sat down on a nearby tree stump and pulled her across his lap. He pulled her dress up and over her bum and saw that she was, indeed, not wearing knickers. He pulled his hand back and brought it down hard on her cheeks with a resounding slap.

"You're a naughty girl, Rose, even naughtier for not wearing any underwear! What are you?"

"I'm a very naughty girl, Doctor," she panted as he brought his hand down across her buttocks again, relishing in the sound and the bounce of the flesh. He continued to spank her, excited by the deep shade of pink her flesh was turning to. Soon he was silent as her spanking continued in earnest. The only sound was her sighs and squeals and skin on skin.

Finally the Doctor stopped, panting. He pushed Rose off his lap and stood up unbuttoning his flies. Rose stared at him, her face cheeks as pink as her others.

"Turn around and touch your toes!" he barked. She obeyed immediately. He pulled down his jeans and lifted her dress again smiling at the hand prints across her arse. He pulled her backside roughly towards him and entered her in one quick movement making her scream loudly.

"You...must...be...good. You...must...not...wander...off. You...must...always...dress...appropriately!" He commanded each word with a violent thrust into her as she whimpered in front of him. He was holding her up and pistoning in to her unrelentlessly with such force that it was hard to stay balanced.

"Say it!"

"I must...be good. I must not...wander off. I...must...always dress...aproph...approopriately!" She screamed eeking out the last word as she climaxed violently against him. The Doctor hammered into her forcing her to widen her stance as the power of his thrusts slammed into her. With one final aggressive shove he came right into her and gloried in the feel of her soft buttocks pressed against his lower abdomen.

Rose ripped the mask off and threw it down on the floor panting. When she had composed herself, she gingerly climbed off the bed and moved slowly towards the bathroom feeling the tugging pain between her thighs and the tenderness across her buttocks.

"What the hell is happening?" she asked herself as she ran herself a hot bubble bath and stripped off.

The Doctor gasped as his eyes flew open. He knew that that very real fantasy did not come from Rose's imagination.

"What the hell is happening?" he said aloud as he slung a towel around his waist and stormed off in search of Rose.

## **Chapter 6: Chapter 6**

Rose lowered herself under the water and looked up at the surface. The bath was so big and deep that she could practically swim in it.

She came up for air and immediately went back under. This was a game she played, staying under for as long as possible until her lungs grew tight and she was compelled to breath in oxygen. While she was under she replayed the encounters that she had fantasized about recently.

The Doctor stormed up the corridor in his towel and walked straight into Rose's room without knocking or thinking, even. She wasn't there and he carried on to her en suite. He only became hesitant as he got inside. The room was warm and full of steam. It smelt of vanilla musk and strawberries.

He still couldn't see Rose. She must be somewhere. The bath was brimful of water and bubbles. The water lapped gently on the edge, so he moved over to it and leaned in.

Rose opened her eyes under the water to look at the surface again and, as she did so; her gaze met with a pair of steely blue eyes. She pulled herself out of the water, sitting up abruptly. He, in turn, jumped back, suddenly realising exactly what he had done and where he was.

Rose sat in the bath with her arms clutched around her naked breasts looking like some golden mermaid. The Doctor felt a tightening at his groin...again.

"Are...are you real?" she stammered.

"Yes," he answered, unable to move.

"Did...did you want something?"

"I...um...sorry...I shouldn't have!"

"What?" she asked, dipping a bit lower in the water, almost finding this funny.

"Sorry I turned up here without knocking!"

"In a towel?" she said looking, very pointedly, at the large protusion under said towel. The Doctor backed away even more. Rose didn't know why, but she smiled.

"I'll...go," he said looking longingly at her for a brief moment and then turned and left.

"Doctor! Wait! I'll get out and get decent, then you can tell me what you wanted!" Rose called after him. He hesitated in her room. He should go. He stayed there desperately trying to quash his excitement. He sighed and sat down on Rose's bed. It smelt of her. It smelt of what she had recently been doing on it.

Running vast algebraic conundrums through his head, he glanced at the packages strewn around on her quilt. The tape on one of them had lost its stickiness and had popped open leaving the contents showing. He picked it up and a small bottle containing some blue liquid dropped out. He picked it up and read the label.

"Inhibition Inhibitor...Are you shy? Would you like to tell that certain someone how you really feel? Would you like to be able to do all those things you've only ever dreamed of? A few drops of this potion can make your dreams come true." The Doctor's eyebrows furrowed together. He could kill Jack! He heard Rose rising out of the bath, the drips of water running off her body. Almost without thinking he uncorked the bottle and took a huge, nervous swig of it.

As she came through the door tying her robe, he popped the cork back and placed the bottle on her bedside table.

"Caught me unawares! Is something wrong?"

"Wrong? What could possibly be wrong?" he asked sarcastically feeling the potion burning down inside of him. A confident warmth started to spread over his body.



"Well, you disturbed me in the bath...in a towel! Thought I had used all the hot water or something!"

"No, I was having a cold shower anyway," he said calmly. Did he really just say that?

"Why?" she asked in surprise.

"Well...this moon...and your recent activities...very disturbing, even for a Timelord with the strongest of willpower."

"What?" Her eyes were as round as saucers.

"Tell me, Rose Tyler, how long have you been having such explicit and erotic fantasies involving myself and yourself?"

"Doctor! What has gotten into you?"

"Just thought it was time for some honesty...thought you might want something, or indeed, someone to get into you!"

"Doctor!"

"Shocked, are you? You, in the shower? You, at the table? You, in the meadow? Shocked?"

"The meadow wasn't me!" she whispered in disbelief and surprise. He smiled at her confidently and swung his legs up onto her bed. He leaned against the wall putting his hands behind his head.

"Well, whoever instigated it, we were both there!" he said his eyes hooded and enjoying her shock.

"Were we, though?" she said quietly, making him chuckle.

"Up here we were!" he said, tapping his temple.

"Doctor, what has happened? I mean why now? This isn't like you!"

"Ah...if I told you that would be telling! There's so much I want to tell you, Rose. Wow! I can tell you anything, can't I?" He sat up again and turned to

her, his legs moving showing things under the towel that Rose wasn't sure she should see.

"Yes," she answered nervously.

"You're like a Goddess! Did you know, sometimes...when you're close to me, I can smell you? I mean all of you. Everything. Every single cell in your body. Your bones, your blood, your sweat, your tears...your sex. Oh God! It's intoxicating...do you know how much I've wanted you, Rose Tyler?" She opened her mouth to answer but all that came out was a high pitched squeak, which made him chuckle again.

To distract the situation Rose got her hairbrush from the dresser and started to brush her hair. He got up and walked silently over to her. Taking it from her hands he turned her around and took over. They stood in silence as she revelled in his gentle touch and as his fingers ran through her hair she felt her body react to the intimacy of it.

"I can smell your arousal right now," he whispered softly standing even closer to her.

"Do you know what I want?" he asked her, dropping the hairbrush and gently turning her around to face him.

"Yes," she whispered looking down at her feet.

"And do you?" Her eyes flickered up to his face but she didn't answer.

"Rose?" He smoothed his hands across her shoulders and down her arms as she began to tremble.

"I wouldn't want you to do anything you weren't entirely sure about." He took his hands off her and backed away.

All his cards were on the table and Rose was too frightened to pick them up. What if it spoilt everything? What if their wonderful friendship was ruined by sex?

"Okay...I'll leave you to it, then. Don't worry about it. Should be water under the bridge by morning." Before she could protest or contradict, he turned heel and left quickly.

After a few moments of deep breaths, Rose whimpered and ran to her door but he was nowhere to be seen. She sat down heavily on her bed. He wanted her! She couldn't work out what had happened. Her eyes strayed to the bottle on her bedside table. She picked it up and read.

She gasped as she understood what it's contents were. She held it up to the light and realised that half was gone. Thinking hard for barely a moment, she shrugged her shoulders and, with determination, uncorked it and drained the bottle. Then she stood up and went to find him as the warmth of her confidence began to grow.

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## **Chapter 7: Chapter 7**

**Author's Notes:** Rose has found some confidence too...

She had never been in his room before and was surprised at how easily the TARDIS let her find it. She knocked gently at first, but when she got no reply she turned the handle and walked in.

It was a large area dominated by a huge dark wooden four poster bed right in its centre. The walls were lined with books. Special ones that he obviously didn't want kept in the library. There was a huge armchair by the fire.

On the bed was a chocolate brown fur throw and on top of that was his jacket. Rose walked over to it and stroked the soft black leather. Then she untied her robe and slipped it off her body. Pulling the jacket over her naked form, she gasped at the feel of it against her skin. She wrapped it right around her and it felt like he was holding her in his arms.

It was at this moment that the Doctor emerged from the bathroom minus his towel. Rose's eyes travelled up his body lingering on parts that she had only, until now; fantasized about.

He froze, not sure if this was one of her games.

"Ask me again, Doctor." She held her chin high and let his jacket fall open revealing what was under it. His eyes skimmed her body and the confident grin returned.

"Do you know what I want?"

"Tell me what you want!"

"I want you. I want your body. I want your soul. I want your mind. I want to own you. Completely." As his confidence grew so did other things and Rose watched his rising anticipation, her tongue involuntarily escaping her mouth. He stepped right up to her so his breath was on her face.

"I want all of you, Doctor," she whispered as his hands snaked under his jacket and around her waist. She trembled at his touch and then she was lost as he bent down and placed his lips against hers.

If Rose had enjoyed imagining, and if she were aroused before; nothing could have prepared her for the explosion of feelings that erupted inside her. She buckled under the magnitude of her desire and he pulled her tightly to him to keep her from falling. Their bodies pressed tightly against each other and she felt his hardness against her soft belly.

He moved her backwards and pushed her down onto his bed finally breaking the kiss.

"You're sure?" he asked, staring down at her sprawled on his bed wearing his jacket.

"Try me," she husked, arching her body up towards him in invitation.

"Oh, Rose...time to get real?"

"Oh, yes, please, Doctor!" He moved to take off the jacket but she shook her head and smiled at him.

"Let me keep it on...feels sexy."

"Okay...for now. But after the first time...off! Want to feel you naked against

me!" he growled. He climbed onto the bed crawling up her body, placing strategic kisses en route. Rose felt herself heat up even more as he glided up her, missing out all the parts that wanted the most attention.

"Teaser!" she whispered as his face arrived at hers.

"All part of the fun!"

"I don't want fun, I want sex!"

"Beautifully put," he said, pulling back and looking put out.

"What do you want me to do?" He placed a hand on the silky curls of her sex.

"Make love to me?" she suggested, twitching against his finger.

"Dirtier," he growled, flicking his finger along her crack.

"Fuck me, Doctor," she whispered with a soft gasp.

"Louder!" he breathed as the finger found her entrance and pushed into it as far as it could.

"Fuck me, Doctor!" she yelled as her hips pushed hard into his hand. He grinned and pushed himself next to her hip. Her hand grabbed at him and it was his turn to let out a gasp as she explored what had been mere fantasy until now. He was much wider and longer than her fantasy, which should have worried her, but it merely fired her even more.

Another finger met his other as he delved deep inside her. His thumb found her clitoris and swiped at it making Rose groan and twitch. She spasmed around his fingers.

"Now...please!" she begged. He needed no more encouragement and rolled on top of her positioning himself at her entrance. She smiled as she parted her legs wider to accomodate him. He pushed hard into her in one swift possessive movement. Rose's eyes opened wide.

"Cold!" she exclaimed.

"Hot!" he grinned back and shifted his position.

"Ready?" he asked softly, dampening the urge to race off to his own completion.

"Ready," she said, pulling her legs up and around him now making him groan at the difference in her depth. Gently at first, he started to glide in and out of her luxuriating in the feel of her tightness and her elasticity. He memorised very bump and nerve inside her.

"Faster!" she panted, bringing him out of a trance. Immediately, he obliged pushing into her finding yet more depth as her pelvis lifted to meet each thrust in little circling movements.

"Body!" he whispered, stealing the gasps from her mouth with his own. Rose threw her leather clad arms around him and dug her fingers into his smooth buttocks.

"Harder!" she groaned, pushing him into her. He complied immediately, shoving all of himself into her making her unravel her legs and call out as she started to climax. He watched her, felt her pull hard against him as if trying to milk him and still he continued his pace. As Rose came back down from her orgasm he slowed down a bit. She smiled at him, letting out a husky laugh.

"I'm not done yet!" he said gruffly and rolled onto his back, spinning her on top of him.

"Show me your moves, Tyler!" he said. Rose circled her hips around and rocked gently on him. His eyes grew round as this new sensation rocked him.

"Where did you?"

"Some telly program. Tantric sex...it doesn't have to be all...thrusting!" she gasped, concentrating on her rhythm.

The Doctor gazed up at her as she rode him, his leather jacket wide open displaying her golden body to him. He placed both hands upon her breasts and kneaded them in matching circles to her movements. The nipples were stiff and he pinched at them. Rose threw her head back and called out to

him, lifting herself up and slamming back down on his pelvis. He laughed throatily.

"Again!" Rose obeyed and his hands moved on to her hips beneath the jacket. As she moved, he lifted her and then helped her to come back down violently on to him. At the same time he brought his own pelvis up to meet her coming down. Rose gasped for air as the rhythm began. Their eyes were locked together as they concentrated on the actions of their hips.

"Mind?" he whispered moving his fingers up to her temples and questioning her with a raised brow. Their hips continued to slam against each other as she let him in. She could feel what he was feeling and she screamed at the intensity of it making him sit up and pull her to him. Joy filled her veins when he let out a loud groan. They moved faster as he started to shout words she didn't know. As they began to come together, she stared deeply into his eyes.

"And soul," she whispered. He whimpered as he pushed into her one last time. Rose could feel the power she had over him as they both tipped into the burning abyss of their orgasms.

As he came down, he wrapped her into him tightly continuing the rhythmic rocking that she had started with. Rose slumped against him as they stopped. He pulled back and looked into her exhausted and sated face.

"Off!" he commanded, pulling at the jacket and slinging it across the room. Gently, he lifted her off him and placed her on the bed beside him. Wrapping the fur over her spent naked body he moved in beside her and pulled her into his arms.

" 'snice," she murmured, looking at him through heavy lids.

He chuckled and planted a kiss on her nose. "Rendered inarticulate...just as it should be!" He watched her fall asleep in his arms with a huge smile adorning his nine hundred and three year old face.